JEWEL VENTURE

(chapter 2)

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Jewel Quest 簡單的旅程 (Jiǎndān de lǚchéng) (shen-den-dah lee-chun) Chapter Two (The Golden Buddha):

Last time on JEWEL QUEST Jiǎndān de lǚchéng, a boy named Xiao-lan had been experiencing problems in school and in life, due to his body and the sins of his ancestors. A bully named: Su-Wei Zhu, with his motorcycle gang had been harassing him and his friends for years. Xiao-lan, tried of this search for a way to get the same martial arts training as the bully, so he can finally be able to beat him and get some peace in his life. Instead, he got more than he bargained for, meeting a man who can control his own life, or spiritual "ki" energy of whatever, a chinese martial arts teacher- sifu, named: Choro Gang, who once was Xiao-lan's adoptive father's ki user sifu. Xiao-lan and his friends Timmy, and Walt, and a strange mainland chinese mystical boy named: Suchiru, who Xiao-lan met after Suchiru tried to get into a fight with the more mysterious and frightening General Zasshu, of the Saiko Empire. Now, Xiao-lan found a way he could find his father through a powerful hidden jewel called: The Jade Jewel, hidden away by the Jade Emperor somewhere in Asia thousands of years ago. Xiao-lan and his friends are determined to now find this mysterious artifact in Taiwan, but dark parties are also interested in this same artifact, will Xiaolan and others get this artifact first, or are they way over the heads?

Darkness, deep in space... lonely... planets created from the nothingness, from random debris floating. Creation is a funny thing, random though directed... purposefully though still blind walking down the road of life... just all, even those gripping and ripping at the edges of mere mortal sanity.

On a faroff moon in an unknown region of dark dim space, it stood close to a small blue star; the smell of ash and gas filled the empty blacken land and the scent of death overwhelm the deep caverns filled the crying and banging noise of chain and machinery. Backs crack and muscles burn as an enslaved alien species known as the Euclideans ("you-clid (the word lid with "k" sound in beginning)-dee-an"), who are barely clothed, smelly from sweat and dirt over their skin push floating carts filled with mining equipment and carts filled iron/gold all their weaken might; carrying them to spaceships holding already filled carts and chained to the ground. Tall robotic and organic alien soldiers covered with royal purple clothing whip into shape the young and elderly slaves who are mining the materials deep in the caverns of the barren world, while off a warehouse nearby, young women and children make alien tablet devices, clothing, and shoes as their quartermasters watch them as they hold a metal electric baton on their backside.

In the places that were once breathable and open local farmlands now urban and tightly controlled. The older women are force to work all-day in the hot crop field, to father alien fruits and alien plants for a stronger form of cotton, for clothes and padding for the soldiers and the quartermasters. Tech-like pyramids stand tall as the male slaves build the remaining top, along with a 300-foot tall humanoid dark purplish titanium statue, depicting an slender synth armored man, covered a royal cloak, his face hidden by a metal helmet. A book is being held in with one arm and a longsword in the other; and in the statue's arm holding a stone book labeled: "GLORY AND LIBERTY FOR ALL", a purple banner flag with an silver and golden trim stands over the figure with a figure of metal craft with the same book and sword, with three blue holy stars shinning over him. On the golden plaque below the figure, states:

"THE IRON EMPEROR.

FIRST EMPEROR OF BALUBAR, FIGUREHEAD OF THE NEW BALUBARIAN REPUBLIC, AND EMPEROR OF THE SAPPHIRE GALACTIC REPUBLIC, THE ONE WHO WILL SAVE US ALL, THE BRINGER OF A NEW AGE OF ALL PEOPLES".

An older man returns from the pyramid to guide a pregnant lady to the guards, the lady worried about her baby sold away, but the man reassuring her it will be alright. The enslaved man takes her to the nearby garrison building, where the troop call in medical support, though the man looks in worry, knowing her living after this will be uncertain. The lady is taken to the heavily military controlled hospital, where the painful pregnancy continues.

After hours of labor, an infant comes out, and a doctor with a scanning device which concluded that one of babies is female, and the other one still inside is male. One of the robotic soldiers tells the doctor: "*Protocol 43-B21 indicates items "euclidean babies" are to be fully grown and kept in the child bay until 4 as normal protocol, as deliverer was already briefed."*

The mother, hearing this went into a frenzy and trying to pull her arm off from the medical bed, but she could do nothing, her life and the life of her people were not the same as the ones on top. They had a name: "Breathing Assets", as any who was not an "civilian" designation in their database were to be "useful and efficient" in the roles they were given for the operations of the grand operation across the cosmos. The mother put her hands together to pray, prayed to the god of Euclideans in a unknown language, before the soulless machine soldiers following their code took her away to the medical bay to await the next child, as the infant is put with the many others in the nursery.

The horrors and crimes done is unspeakable, and kept growing for decades as the republic colonizes new planet after new planet, new moon after new moon, and drills until everything is perfected, until everything is how it should be… if their cultures got in the way, they will be "adjusted" or burned away. All things shall be perfected, and to the emperor's vision. EFFICIENT, FLAWLESS, SOULLESS...

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Away on the planet of blue and green… Caotan Road, Taoist Temple, close to Xiao-lan's house and where Adam and him prayed every weekend. The local people there know Xiao-lan and Adam personally and are like relatives to Xiao-lan now. Meeting a elderly Asian man and two nice women dressed in in red shirts and causal jeans come forward and greet Xiao-lan, saying it's been a month since they last seen each other. Xiao-lan smiling and saying hello, before the people who keep the temple running and intact go off to finish their lunch from their office jobs, motorcycles laying on a red pillar with golden mandarin letters. The roof was a white sheet held by metal rods, dimming the light coming into the building, being more of an outside roof since there are no walls except for the entrance into the temple. The sides of the building guarded by two stone statue foo dogs, and the entrances guarded by two fearsome pillars of blue and gold painted dragons entangling themselves along the cylinders, riding clouds. Above the three

doorways having golden mandarin writing around them, a stone façade showing two dragons coming and greeting a goddess in the middle, perhaps the wife of Shangdi: Wangmu Niangniang, Mother of the West.

Xiao-lan walks to the greenish copper pot in the center before the entrance, having a little Chinese temple roof and incense sticks on a steel container on the floor, and one of the men helps light to the bottom of the pot, Xiao-lan putting the edge of the incense stick and burning the tip, and bringing it with him from the larger central entrance, while the older man puts the fire out and walks back to a motorcyclist who came up holding a rid ribbon that tied to a glass cup of beer, the two laughing and slapping each other's back as Xiao-lan entered the Caotan Road Temple. The inside held up by four painted red pillars, the walls brownish though seemed to be white at some point. Going to the front, to where the three luck god statues stood. Xiao-lan walking forward shyly and went down on his knees and put his hands together, laid his head on them as lessen himself to the mortal floor.

"***I prey on behalf my ancestors, the ancestors of the Darts. Of my greatest grandfather: Sir Luis San Atilano, Commander of the Priory of Vrana under Pope Gregory VII and King Demetrius Zvonimir, King of Croatia, and a knight of the Hungarian Templars. To my great grandfather and grandmother: Bathory of Bator and Cinege of Eger. To my grandmother Martha Morte d'Arthur Dart, kind and gentle, and my grandfather whose name will never be known. Please hear me, under the lord God and The Holy Spirit. And under the three Luck Gods' power, and The Jade Emperor's, lords of Taoism. Please keep my father safe from harm, make it so he can return, and we can reunite as a family…***"

After Xiao-lan is done praying he gets up and blows out the incense and then opens a box themed with painted pink and blue flowers and opens and takes out two reddish pigment blocks shaped like potato wedges, and throws them to the flower. One of them is point upward with it's top, while the other is point up with it's flat underside… this means the bodhisattva will answer. Xiao-lan picks a random card from a plastic bucket which says a number and goes to a dark oak wardrobe with numbers on each, Xiao-lan opening the one with his number and given a fortune: "*You will find what you are looking for in another life.*" Xiao-lan just throws his arms down, throwing the fortune to the floor and leaving.

"***Hurry up, Xiao-lan! We don't got the entire day to be praying at some run-down temple!***" A black Toyota Corolla Cross is parked with Choro Gang driving, the door opening with Suchiru and the Toths already inside. Xiao-lan going to the car in some shame, waving goodbye to the people there and pushing him against the other boys to squeeze himself inside, since the backseat is only meant for three people (so they can't wear seatbelts).

"***Why were you taking so long? You didn't need to greet everyone there and pray for *20* minutes!***"

"Timmy! Don't ever criticize how another man chooses to pray…"

The sifu turns around with his sight back on the road and starts thinking about it… ***"..unless he is speaking in snake tongue..."*** Walt chimes in:

"***Yeah right Sifu… he barely does that himself."***

"***My pray consents of wanting more good tv shows and movies on tv, that's all I really want from God and all I ever need..***" Xiao-lan just puts his heavy head on his hands, and lays his elbows on his knees, just sadden though still hopefully he will find his father.

The car travels through thick green forests and up mountain highways, getting closer to the city, the traffic starts to become a problem, and Walt looking to the front seat by Choro only having a large leather bag.

"***What's that for, Choro? And we aren't it in the back?***"

"***It's Sifu Choro, student. And the bag is what we call nonya.***"

"***What's… ohh…***"

"***What does it mean, great master?***" Suchiru responding, looking smug as he said it as raised up and slammed himself back into the backseat.

"***None of your business! Now stay quiet and meditate!***"

They listen to an old song from Choro's favorite childhood movie: "Chirin's Bell"... when the song ended, Suchiru was going to state a song, before Timmy interjected and said to play his favorite song: "Ziggy Alberts - don't get caught up". Suchiru slapped the crap out of Tim, while Choro ignored and played one his old favorite songs from his past: "What a Wonderful World."

Choro and his students are in his car driving through the second largest population in Taiwan, the city of Kaohsiung, having many different attractions and being the biggest city near Hengchun ("hun-chun"), it's morning and pouring with rain, and the kids are barely awake as they travel for hours stuck in a car. Kaohsiung it's southern Taiwan, with Tainan City and Chiayi Township/County above it. Timmy and Xiao-lan (Xiao-lan wearing his a completely green jacket with white cotton on the interior, having his hoodie down) are playing a mobile game called: "Crashing Titans Together", while Walt with his yellow shirt is looking through the window at the tall and overwhelming buildings and billboards quickly passing by, seemingly daydreaming as his eyes mindless look at the individual water droplets. Suchiru just pointing out what Timmy (wearing a darker blue shirt and sweatpants) is doing wrong in his settlement building, and he will get taken over by an enemy player soon, which makes Timmy scooch further from him, almost crushing Xiao-lan and Walt. Choro who is driving, is feeling pretty bored himself decides to tell his students a important beginner lesson about using ki.

Sifu Choro: "***It feels like a decent time to explain the concept of ki power signatures and how strength works in tandem with ki to you lot.***"

Timmy: "***Huh?...***"

Suchiru: "***Yes master, how does it work?***"

Xiao-lan (in his mind): "*I was going to ask that...*"

"Ki is separate from the soul, is the connection between the higher power and you, between the White River that flows over our planet, perhaps a gift of power by God. It is gift of destruction and a gift of fixing places up, helping people. It is great power, but only through concentration and learning how to use it. A great responsibility, great responsible will to wield it. The "ki" flows to each point in your body, to your toes, knees, arms, then your fingers, and then to your forehead, like blood flowing through your vines. Each point between is "flow points". It can't be used for nearly everything, expect for buffing up the body… unless… ha… unless you want to become a bomb."

The sifu looking to his students behind.

"Unless your body is rubbery, I suggust you don't try it."

The kids in the back just stared puzzled back at each other, the car veering off almost into opposite traffic, and Choro quickly turning back into his lane with angry guy from another car yelling at him, the kids couldn't help laughing this, while Suchiru stared cold-faced, not knowing what was funny.

"Don't consider that, look… it should be considered in combat, like concentrating ki through the point of your left knee, putting ki outside and surrounding it to make a knee to the hostile opponent's stomach much more effective. However, putting too much ki in the muscle and not outside of it, can cause it to ripe apart and explode, making you lose a limb or your whole body. You know what? I'll example it someday… you'll understand."

"When is someday?" Xiao-lan asks

"Nonya."

"Nonya?" Walt asks

"None yah business, mate." Choro wheezing as he lost air from his lungs laughing so hard.

"He really got you there, bro." Timmy retorting. Walt sighing with his head in his hands, while Xiao-lan just does an eye-roll.

"Ok fine… let's say that you can sense or read from a ki signature reader like the one I have here, that their max ki (spirit energy) is higher than yours, and they are physically stronger than you. It's not

hopeless, you can push your ki out from a single point on your body, like your hands... and keep it around your hands like a glove or even shape into a ball or a spear or other weapon if you like. And shoot it like a beam, and that attack is charged up and up, sense you can keep pouring ki into an attack and be ki will return to your body.

The attack can skyrocket far past the max strength of the opponent and strike them down with ease. Though, every ki using martial artist knows this, so you should be careful if they do this to you too. But facing them in this part of training is useless, you can't even use visible ki, much less even control your invisible ki." Timmy curious responds with his hands on his legs like a overly proper student in some overly strict English class. "***What about your ki then? Can I try the ki reader?***" Timmy grabs the boxy metal ki reader and points the antenna at himself, the ki and strength reading says:

"EXAMMING HEAT AND AIR PRESSURE FROM MUSCLE MASS AND SPIRIT SIGNATURE… KI MAX: 2, STRENGTH MAX: 2".

Timmy stares open-mouthed at the console seeing the low number and points it at Walt to see his:

"KI MAX: 7, STRENGTH MAX: 5".

"***Wait! How do you have higher strength than me!?***"

"***It's probably arm strength, you got to build some muscle when you can't use your legs.***"

Xiao-lan quickly takes it and tests it on himself: "KI MAX: 7, STRENGTH MAX: 5" ."

"***You too!?***"

"***My father trained me a little since I was a kid, so this isn't surprising. Hey, Suchiru! You want to test this?***"

"***No, I already know mine, it's been constantly max ki being 14 and strength being 10.***" Timmy who is next to Timmy by the window, Suchiru being at the other window has to leans his head forward past Xiao-lan's head and big annoying ears to see Suchiru, who turns his head to see Timmy who is staring a bit too long at him.

"***How the hell did you get that strong?***"

"***Hypocrisy in humanity is about is as evitable as the sun rising over the horizon. It's the duality of nature.***" Walt responds looking back to the wet foggy window again.

Suchiru trains his head away and gives side glance back and turns his eyes again to look at the seat, responding: "***Training, obviously...***" Xiao-lan gets curious and tries to read Choro's ki, but then the

display glitches out and gets static-like. "***That reader is a really old one I got from my own sifu, it can only read ki levels below 75.***"

"***What?! How can you be over 50? How strong are you?***"

"***That's a silly question, why do you think I'm the teacher, eh? Wouldn't the teacher be stronger than the student in the beginning, Tim? It's not so bad... most living beings on earth have ki and strength levels around 2 to 4. Insects being constantly below 1. Scientists studied the White River for 70 years, which had been the time ki existed for mankind.***

They found around… five, five main examples showing basic natural strength and ki. The housefly's ki and strength is 25 percent of 1 ki and strength point, a bird is 1 ki and strength, dogs of any breed range from 2-7 in ki/strength, tigers or bears are around 8-12 ki/strength. A whale of any breed is around 15-45 in ki/strength. Babies are around 2 ki and strength, while adult humans go to 5 to 6. Children being around 3 to 4. Mart-"

Timmy only hears one thing out of that, and he slams his fist into the cupholder of the backseat next to him in fury. "***Are you saying I'm as weak as a baby! Ohh heck nah, that ki reader thing is rigged man! And Suchiru can't be able to wrestle a bear, he's a kid, like me!***" Sifu Choro: "***Be quiet, Timmy! Let me finish... so normal martial artists or monks since they trained their bodies and mostly free themselves from themselves, diverting from temptation, can range wildly from being 6 - 19 in ki/strength. However, ki users, especially ki using martial artists are rare, and are considered individually and have no set common ki number. But from my experience, experienced ki users are going to at least be above 50 if they are legitimate. However, the best, can go up much higher. There's a lot of potential in learning how to master ki, and trust me, many with already learned it's potential before you, that's why it's dangerous to fight Naruhi's soldiers or experienced mercenaries, Xiao-lan. Their powers are completely unpredictab-***"

"***We're here!***" Xiao-lan responds looking through Suchiru's window, seeing a golden buddha and a parking lot. Choro drives into the closest parking spot near the sidewalk of the parking lot, right by a yellow and red pagoda tower. As soon as they entered the area, the rain seemed to stop, no drop of water landing in this area, the Fo Guang Shan Buddha Museum. They leave the car with colorful umbrellas in hand, and follow a concrete pathway to the entrance building, which is shaped like a classic chinese temple. Going inside through a mall ran by the buddhists, featuring healthy items and coffee, which Choro Gang had to pull the boys ears just to get them quickly out. Then walking down a slim path, walls covered in ancient sutras and stories about the history of buddishm, with some symbols and illustrations mixed in, crowds of people around them making it difficult to walk through, and monks who are selling items looking to stop the boys and then seeing the face of Choro, and deciding to continue what they were doing before. Timmy says as he is the observing the pagoda towers (or just pagodas (unique towers built like a tower version of an Buddhist or Taoist temple): "***Why are we here anyway, old man?***"

"***You shouldn't cast so much judgement on my decisions, Timmy. I can only look at things through my own eyes, and you can only look through yours.***"

They walk a little ways and pass a ticketing building, getting permission from the monks to enter inside, Choro getting free emission since he was a monk there once while Choro paid for the kids to enter.

"***This huge temple ground and the temple were built 900 years ago and kept in steady condition, most people nowadays didn't live through it, but it was quite like how it is now… though we gained new technology and progressed… the Americas… well… let's just say they lost thousands of years of progress. Surprising, isn't it? I know you kids don't really care about that…"***

Timmy and Walt just make frowning faces while Xiao-lan and Suchiru really don't care, both from places completely unaffiliated with the Americas. "The main religion of Buddhism, there are an infinite amount of buddhas who made different vows to protect sentient life, Bhaishajyaguru Buddha, the buddha of physical and self-healing (The Medicine Buddha), made 12 vows. Shakymamuni Buddha or Siddhartha Gautama, who is the living man who founded Buddhism in the mortal plane, made 500 vows.

But there's one who is above them all, a buddha known as Amitabha Buddha, who in his 48 vows, when he was a just a bodhisattva, teachers who are set on the path to becoming enlighten and reaching buddhahood, entering a state that releasing suffering and ignorance: Nirvana. He vowed that if all who recite my name in pray and meditation hold that name in their minds in joy and sincerity..."

Xiao-lan asks: "***What's sincerity?***"

"***It's simply being free of deceit and hypocrisy... which is a very hard thing. I mean… we all are somehow ignorant in our own ways. Like a smoker that professes against smoking, a gay man or woman that obsesses over being the most "woman" or "man" person. The girl that wants attention the most but puts black eyeliner and obnoxious clothing, but says she's doing it because of style. Those types, the types who don't see they are walking into their own laid traps.***

Anyway... if mortals… you and me…"

Choro pointing to himself (at his chest) and pointing to Xiao-lan.

"…recite and hold that name in their minds in joy and sincerity, shall not be born in the Pure land of Buddhism, Amitabha Buddha will never be a buddha. And since he is, his vow came to pass."

"***What does Amitabha Buddha even mean?***"

"Well… the historians say in japanese and chinese, it just means "Infinite Light". But… I think it just means "The High Buddha", but nothing as powerful as infinite light. Just another form of the creator in my eyes… The buddhas aren't the only ones that are important, though… many of the bodhisattvas are ones you go to a Taoist temple to ask for fortune. There's that… yeah, that famous one known as Guanyin or Avalokiteshvara, bodhisattva of compassion. If you done your studies,

you would know she showed up as the guide in the Journey To The West and as a healer in the ancient painter: Jiang Yi-Zi's depictions of the Eighteen Realms of Diyu or Naraka."

Timmy looking up, almost feeling offended. Choro giving him direct eye contact through the rear view mirror, which causes Tim to get intimidated and look through the window… pertaining to be distracted.

Xiao-lan ponders. "***Hell... ruled by King Zhuanlun Wang, and in the heavens is ruled by the Jade Emperor Shangdi and his decree of The Mandate of Heaven.***"

"***The lord of the 10th and final hall, being the rebirth cycle. Hmm…*****"** Choro rubs his thin beard chin, little flakes coming off, giving a visual quiet face of terror from Walt and Xiao-lan. Timmy randomy distracted by a local dumpling store they passed.

"Someone here has indeed been studying. Gaining knowledge is a good thing, maybe you should learn to ask questions too, Timmy."

"***Wha-what did I do wrong?*** **:(**"

They managed to find their way into the main courtyard, there the area bigger than a football field, surrounded by eight towers or pagodas divided with large spaces of land, in the distance, and far to the back them of them a large strangely shaped pyramid which behind it there is a large golden buddha statue. Around the towers was a garden filled with fragrant soul cleansing pink flowers, green lush bushes, left over recovered ancient buddhist taoist drums, and tall trees, a chill wind blowing through the area. Then, a bald headed female monk comes out of the pyramid entrance, wearing square glasses in orange grabs, a pin of red mandarava flowers, comes over and Choro is prepared to greet her, until Walt who is looking at the symbol on the buddha's chest says:

Walt: "***Hey Sifu Choro?"***

Choro: "***Yes Walt?***"

Walt: ***"Why does the Amitabha Buddha have a nazi symbol on it's chest.***"

Female Monk looks to Walt, and responds: "***It's not a nazi symbol, the nazis used it on their flag to trick people into thinking they wanted to make a peaceful world, but originally it was a symbol of the Buddha and many other asian religions, a symbol for peace. The only reason why you think differently is because of it's twisting into a symbol of hatred and destruction by evil and troubled men. Though even though they may never believe it and hate, they will do so at the end of their lives, as all sentient beings will. Because Amitabha Buddha, also known as the buddha of receiving, comes to all beings: insect, dog, or man, when they reach their last breath, and is the most painful part of a being's life.***

Amitabha comes personally to receive that person, bringing multiple bodhisattvas, including Guanyin. He and his heavenly band play various kinds of magic, bring fragrant fruity or nice smelling flowers, and other splendid scenes, which each emits great light that makes the person feel great joy they never

experienced before and lessens the pain of their death. Eventually their soul leaves the decaying vehicle that expresses the spirit and also deludes it with instinctual fallacies and ignorance, and joins the graceful Buddha in his Pure Land, or what you may know as Heaven."

"***Ohh... hm... wow. Didn't know all of that.***"

"***Haha... you already have curious students, Choro Gang. They would be good Hakka and European students at our temple, I hope you teach them better than your last ones. I'll bring out your friend.***"

The female monk goes back into the pyramid entrance, Choro Gang scratching the back of his neck awkwardly. A male monk with no hair and no facial hair comes out of the temple, which is one of Venerable Master Jing Yen oldest members: Govinda Śāriputra.

Sifu Choro greets the elder bearded monk: "***Hello old friend, how have you been?***"

"***It has been interesting, many foreigners from East Asia and Northern Europe to have joined the temple. Now we got 4 thousand active humanistic buddhist monk here at the Fo Guang Shan temple.***"

After the conversation ended, one of the five main teachers: Govinda Śāriputra, guided them through the iron decorative door of...

the pyramid where three large golden buddha statues are upfront, with a elder female monk who wears a grandmother's smile in a criss cross applesauce, her left hand to her neck pointed upward with her pointer finger tip behind her thumb, and her right hand below her chest held out like she had a invisible fruit in her right hand. The room was a large hall filled with many students of these monk saying a recitation of the medicine buddha's name. Choro found the boys a place to sit down and join the others in recitation and meditation.

While they were engaging in the meditation and basic lessons of Humanistic Buddhism, Choro went to the backroom in the corner of the room, then sat down and pretended to simply meditate with them, while everyone was distracted, he pulled out a New Taipei Magazine from the neck of his shirt and started reading it. He pretended to meditate with his eyes closed, while opening his eyes slightly every few seconds to read the book hidden on his lap.

Each sutra is an independent text that includes a description of the circumstances that led the Buddha to give the teaching and also notes the place, the time of year, and so forth. The actual teaching instruction follows, usually in a simple, easy- to-understand form that is rich in parables and allegories.

The arhats, perfected beings who achieved true insight into the fabric of existence, freeing themselves from the bonds of desire: nirvana (spiritual enlightenment).

Saddharma-pundarīka-sūtra (True Dharma White Lotus Sūtra or just "The Lotus Sūtra"), one of the most influential and respected in East Asia, alongside the Heart Sūtra. One that is heard from female monk's session:

"*Then Bodhisattva Maitreya (the final or future buddha who will take up the buddha teachings, waits in heaven now), wanting to clear up his own confusion, and knowing the minds of the fourfold assembly of monks, nuns, laymen, and laywomen and the other beings in that gathering, he asked Manjusri (bodhisattva of wisdom, in sanskrit: "Gentle Glory"):*

"What is the reason for this marvelous sign? This great ray of light that illuminates the eighteen thousand worlds in the east and renders visible the adornments of all the buddha worlds?"

Thereupon Bodhisattva Maitreya, wanting to elaborate the meaning of his statement further, spoke to Manjusri in verse:

"Oh Manjusri!

Why has the leader (Founder Buddha), emitted this great ray of light far and wide?

From this tuft of white hair between his eyebrows.

Raining down mandarava and manjusaka flowers, gladdening the people with the fragrant winds of sandalwood?"

For this reason, after Maitreya's words, the earth is completely adorned, and this world quakes in six ways.

And the fourfold assembly is completely enraptured, delighted in body and mind at the experience of such an unprecedented marvel.

From the depths of hell, up to the summit of existence, the ray of light from between his eyebrows illuminates the eighteen thousand worlds, which shimmer like gold. And throughout all these worlds, the births and deaths of the living beings.

Of the six transmigratory states of existence, and the good and bad deeds, through which they have received good and bad consequences, are all to be seen from here.

The buddhas, who teach the subtle and supreme kinds of sutras, are also seen. Uttering soft sounds with pure voices, teaching innumerable myriads of kotis (the hundred thousand or million, value in buddistism (a mode of prediction)) of bodhisattvas...."

After the session was over, the female monk looked to the boys and gestured for them to come over to her. A female elder monk passes by them, she suddenly turning her head to look at the desperate state of Xiao-lan hiding from the world in plain sight.

"***Do not frown young boys, and... a Moon Rabbit? A euclidean... hmm... The power of a smile, is the greatest of things, simply a smile can make anyone happier.”***

Xiao-lan stared on curiously, his long ears tilting to the sides of his black hoodie, his head tilted to the side with his large eyes still staring at the elder female monk. The old woman know even more curious of the boy that ever-seeking, very curious… like her of the hidden though simple truths of the worlds.

"***You don't believe? Ok... I will gave an example... you look around to your senior when you make a mistake, right? A person who is above you... you feel ashamed with your mistake, but instead of getting mad or telling you off, knowing you didn't do it intentional. Instead he or she, smiles. It makes you feel less bad and more confident, it allows a person to grow more easily, because positive energy benefits***
others much more then negative, negative being controlling them and pulling them on a leash, acting like you never done anything as bad as your employee ever, rather then treating them like you would treat yourself.

Another example was an interview with the Queen of Spain, and the servant spilled a bit of cheese on the floor. Rather than being angry, she *smiled* and picked it up and put it back on the table and pretended nothing happened. It's a relaxation, knowing your boss wants you to improve but accepts your mistakes. If you can forgive yourself, why not forgive others? We are all human beings; we all make mistakes."

Xiao-lan: "***Who are you exactly?***"

Elder female teacher monk: "***Chatsumarn Shatsena, The Thai Bhikkhuni.***"

Xiao-lan: "***Thai?***"

The Thai Bhikkhuni: ***"I was born and raised Thailand, and there I became a Bhikkhuni through many years of patience and endurance, then joining with the Fo Guang Shan organization, who teach in Chinese Mahāyāna Buddhism. it's definitely a long progress that will make you question yourself. But for me, it was worth it.***"

Xiao-lan: "***What the heck is a bick-bahhicc... bee-hick-koon...nah?***"

Choro Gang interjects: "***Bhikkhuni ("bick-koon-knee"). Buddhists nuns who live for years by the Vinaya. Ancient texts that state the rules found in Tripitaka (Sanskrit for "Three Baskets"), which is taught in three sets of different schools, of either 311 Theravada, 348 Dharmaguptaka, or 364 Mulasarvastivada.***"

Walt joining, rolling in with his ear forward, fiddling with his fingers: "***That's sounds complex.***"

Timmy laughing with his hands on his “extruded” stomach: "***I don't think he spoke a real language, it's just bad improv.***"

"***Ohh brother. You would be surprised by how many languages sound made up in the world. And technically, every language is.***" Walt responding, then Xiao-lan stating

"***Said it better than myself.***"

"***Your students are very chatty, Sifu of The Wise Crane. They understand so little about our daily rituals, are you sure you want them to meditate with the teachers next?***"

"***(*nodding*) uh-huh...”***

Looking down to the small latest and only current students in his long career of training strong marital artists.

“***Very…***”

"***What's wrong with us being here?***" Xiao-lan questioning.

"***Nothing, my child. It may be complicated to keep up with our rituals if you have no experience, not even a beginner’s course on proper meditation practices and mantras. That’s all i'm saying.***"

The Thai Bhikkhuni looks deep into Xiao-lan's eyes, she ignores the fact he is walking bunny humanoid, one of those euclideans... and looks deep into his eyes. She realizes something, almost seeing herself staring back.

"***You carry yourself with heavy stones, Moon Rabbit.***"

"***I wished... I wished for my whole life I been born into a different skin, I don't... I don't want to look the way I am. I don’t want to suffer, I don’t want anyone to suffer. I hate being myself, I hate being not what my father and friends truly want me to be, and hate being looked down upon as well. There’s… so much hate inside me…***"

She listens to this attack of his own bring, and chuckles softly in a sadden way. Before her eyes beaming and a soft smile comes over her elderly face, showing her long, interesting life.

“***I thought that way, child. For a long time... One day I was putting make-up on looking at a mirror, I saw a reflection of myself and a voice rang inside my head, saying in a sadden simple whimper: "How long do I have to keep doing this?"... and on that day, I chose to keep following buddhism all the way, until I became one of the masters here. On that day, I said to myself: "I have to commit". I have to commit myself to doing something that is more important than myself, bigger than my personal goals. You should find a path like that yourself, young man.***

It will free you from that burden you carry, just slightly enough to have a mind that is free and opened, not pinned by worry or doubt of the self. Because if you doubt yourself, you will doubt others more." "***Oh. Thank you, great buddhist Thai nun.***" Xiao-lan bowing to give respect. The Thai Bhikkhuni bowing, putting her hands together as she said her reply:

"***You're welcome, Moon Rabbit. Now go with your friends and let me and your master talk alone.***" Xiao-lan in his mind ("*Moon Rabbit?*")

Xiao-lan and the other boys went to the temple grounds. Suchiru rushes in-front of the others.

: "***Why are you making us go through this, Sifu? Especially me.***"

"***You learn more when in the thick of it, boys. If you never experienced it, you wouldn't get enough interest to do it yourself.***"

Xiao-lan can only respond: "***Huh...***", not understanding Choro's point. Looking at the statues Timmy and Walt think to themselves, then Timmy speaks out.

"***Why do past people more complicated statues, and more interesting art in general?***" Walt in response speaks up so Timmy can hear:

"***People are less religious and country-like now, since most live in barren cities with lego-like structures. There are people now who see art and stories as a depiction of a complex mind and it's emotions, the art that nature has already woven, or the long and arduous hilly walk of the history of mankind. And others, well, they just see a coke can that everybody likes and sell it to get colored paper or gold. They think they can change its colors or design, and it will still appeal to others.***"

Choro held back on a few details about Suchiru, not mentioning the lines that shape like a japanese demon with horns and fangs, a specific symbol found on men in Korea who found ki, each being ones who uses pain as a weapon to get what they wanted out of others... Suchiru was given the symbol by them. Suchiru is scarred by the arrogance and pride of a demon, which is worrying to see in a student of a taoist martial artist. Not even saying the there's was downward curve with the love line going below the middle finger, which indicates forceful, headstrong, and irrational love against a spouse. Sifu Choro walking by the portraits of the history of Buddha and the other bodhisattvas and the dark spirits under them, their histories… with Walt and Suchiru listening intently while Xiao-lan and Timmy are talking about some silly crap Tim started while looking at the pictures. Xiao-lan focused on the founder buddha depictions, completely astonished by such a divine depiction of a mortal man.

"Jing Yen teaches Humanistic Buddhism, that's about the welfare of others, and trying to help people suffering and help them to evaluate suffering through the path of enlightenment and giving wisdom.

The main goals of Jing Yen's Buddhism unlike other versions is more humanitarian with it's four goals being:

1. ***Focus on the issues in the world (acquire wisdom through many different people, not just a few)***

2. ***Care for the living (care for all people, no matter who they are, unless they refuse)***

3. ***Benefit others (serve other rather than benefit one's self (don't serve yourself), especially with great power, use that power to serve others)***

4. ***Universal salvation (not just for the buddhists, but for any with any faith reach salvation (freedom of suffering) and enlightenment)***

They don't demand money like some organizations… they relay on donations, donations given by commoners who want the religion to stay thriving in this region. It allowed Jing all that money into establishing schools in China, Taiwan, and London and UAR. His main philosophy which I think is really the one he should focus on… is this: Good dharma is resisting sin and your insecurities, guilt and… and *grief* can be stopped, you need to feel them. But the first two is something he should make sure you are not consumed by, insecurities are the necessary umbrella for ego and selfishness, of old wounds mixing together to create a toxic fume that others can feel from you. Making sure it remains small and not an inferno, is the trick."

Walt rolls forward, rolling beside Suchiru who almost gives a disgusted look to Walt for daring to match his walking speed. ***"Ok… but it's not perfect, right?"***

"Nothing is… but we can make some paths are more bearable than others."

Choro Sifu eventually follows one of the monks, making sure to tell his students quote: "*Stay in the courtyard, and read and ask around. But nothing about the Jade Jewel. Got it?*"…

The other students agreed, but Xiao-lan just followed along nodding… but he didn't intend to actually listen. They were wondering about, Suchiru with them acting like a "mini Choro"… Xiao-lan just looked away, annoyed Suchiru kept them just walking around the main edge of the courtyard where the long stretching murals were.

"What's that long-eared yellow guy over there?" Tim asked, all of them looked around. They started to noticed that at least nearly half of the monks there were like this guy. Long-pointed ears with a sunny yellow skin, like goblins that got their lives together and got through a doctorate program. One of them walked past them, and Timmy pulled on the yellow guy's shirt.

"Um, sir? I don't want to sound rude, but where did you come from? You're ears are great by the way." The yellow man eyes' seemed to be nearly closed all the time with pronounced wrinkles on his forehead, and a little white fade mustache. Strangely, he didn't seem to be mad by this, and was amused.

"Heehee. I'm one of the Tanoshi Monks, little one. Sworn pacifists by our blood given to The Jade Emperor Shangdi…" He looks to the other kids behind Timmy.

"Are you kids looking for something by chance?"

Xiao-lan blurted out ***"Is the Jade Jewel here?"*** Suddenly, the yellow old man became deathly quiet and shook his head as he walked away. Xiao-lan stomping the ground, and shoving his hands deep into his jacket's pockets, swaying back and forth in irritation. Walt pulled out his mini one-hand hold history of Taiwan book and skipped multiple pages… Timmy watching him. Xiao-lan gave a side glare his head turn back, and then coming back again fast… a childish interest gained.

"Does it say what a Tanoshi is?"

"Hold on… ah!" Walt finally finds something, on page 233… with some images of long-eared people with their anatomy and their ancient cave art and more recent woven colorful bead, paper and ink painting art.

"The meek pacifistic Tanoshi live in the north Taiwan… and the gracious, prideful, grand, heroic, forgiving…" and Walt turned a page, and it kept going… ***"Umm…"*** until stopping at the end of the bottom page's line "warrior Akuians."

"Warrior Akuians. Who live in South Taiwan… which they welcome any to come."

"That's it?" Xiao-lan asks perplexed, his ear nearly popping out again and him pushing it back into his hoodie instinctually.

"I don't know? That's what it says."

"I thought you were smart."

"I'm not that smart, bro (*Timmy****)!"***

After that they just kept asking stupid questions to other monks about Buddhism that Xiao-lan and Walt didn't really care about. But Timmy was fascinated, saying this is "good material" for the play he's doing with his "friend that is a girl"… though he totally digged her, he couldn't call her "girlfriend" in public till he was older. Walt just read the whole time… it was about 40 minutes, and Timmy's eyes just caught something he surprised he didn't ask before.

"***Why do you wear that costume anyway, Suchiru? You wearing it all the time?***"

"***Why do you wear the same blue shirt?***" Suchiru arrogantly talked back, making a mocking impression of Timmy talking, his head moving side-to-side to really make the mocking obvious.

"***I like blue shirts, ok? But I don't go around wearing fancy chinese new year party clothing.***"

Timmy talking at Suchiru, just makes Suchiru exhausted and just states the truth.

"It is the garment me and my clan wore for centuries, it reminds me of my life back in the tall dangerous divine mountains of the Samana monks and the white yaks walking down ashen rocky mountainsides in Tibet and the Gobi Desert of China. It's my pride where I was born in holy city of Urumqi, the desert city in the hostile Xinjiang, China. And the place I trained for three years since I was seven, in the cold high mountain borders of Tibet, the korean taoist clan of The Burning Dragons."

The four boys walking around the interior of the golden buddha temple some more, while Choro is distracted with meeting up with his old buddhist friends, though in the shadows, opening a panel in the ceiling. Three very familiar figures are looking down into the hall seeing the three passing by. Each one drops down seeing that there were no cameras in the area. One bulky one, short chirpy one, and the cowboy… it was the Misfits, though their appearances finally revealed. They followed secretly behind the four seeing where they were going.

The tiro keep walking down the large hall not knowing who was behind them, reaching a large room with three buddhas: medicine (blue) Buddha, Gautama The Founder (more wooden looking) and unknown other Buddha (completely golden).

Suchiru looked around, Xiao-lan getting excited thinking what could be behind the golden statues, perhaps that Jade Jewel is there. Suchiru spoke with a lot of enthusiasm when mentioning his hard past, getting a bounce to his step and swinging his arms more widely side to side. Timmy just got tired of this and waited until Suchiru stopped talking as they moved... while this was happening, three guys were looking opening a panel in the ceiling, in the dark it was the mercenaries in Taipei, the cowboy, the bulky one, and chirpy mop headed one. They are looking down, and scanning the area...

While Xiao-lan and Walt went up to examine, Timmy marveling at the large figures, a dark shadow coming behind him and putting a strange mask emitting a toxic green gas following from it’s the edges forced against Timmy and Suchiru’s faces, flowing like a foggy river to the ground and dissipating. Xiao-lan tried to fight back, Walt watching in utter horror but the bulky one now

seeming to be a sun bear humanoid, holds the puny rabbit boy with ease and pushes him to the side, delivering a powerful karate chop to Xiao-lan's forehead knocking him out.

The three settle themselves now fully revealed, the cowboy a brownish mole nose bat, the quirky mop hair guy a mostly black bird with firey white eyebrows with dynamite on every inch of his rugged leather and green cloth clothing.

The Misfits named in order from tallest, the quirky Sibia (White-eared sibia humanoid (a Euclidean)) was named Simon The Dynamite Kid, though his age and face betrays that fact. The slim visage of the calculating cowboy named Fang Harper, was an Hodgeson's Bat Euclidean. And the tall strong arm sun bear, wearing an orange reddish snow skier and martial arts clothing was named Gideon.

The cowboy scanning the area for any witnesses, while Simon approached the three statues and started laying bombs on their golden feet.

"***Simon, don't blow up the damn statues. That will get the bald monks all fired up.***"

Gideon is strangely chuckling to himself, Gideon seeing Fang look at him with suspicion leans close to him.

"***What?... what are you looking at, eh?***"

"***You know… (*chuckling*) why he is called Simon Dyn?***"

"***Ughhhhh*… Don't-start-that-AGAIN.**"

The quirky one that finishes where Gideon left off. "***IT STANDS FOR DYNAMITE KID!!!!***"

"***Oooowhoo! You tempting me, daft fool?! You shut the your trap up, Simon! Why do like provoking him, Gideon? Someone could have heard him.***"

"***If you stopped reacting, it wouldn't be as funny.***" Gideon said gravelly and coldly with the charm of an unsocial warrior, while giving a downward glare, with a cocky grin, a rarity for the silent giant. Looking with a smug welcoming look, Simon gave a strange reassurance to the paranoid cowboy: "***My *friend*! I don't mean to offend. I just like smiling a long grin on that face.***" Fang looks with restrained fury at Simon and turns his head away as though to hide it from Simon Dyn, and mumbles to himself: "***Like I would believe a stranger like you, you little weasel. Any-anyway… let's check every corner of this place, top to bottom, every inch we can find in this approximately football sized location of multiple temples, stores, and living quarters. If we can't find it under anything *without* using a explosive device, *than*… and *only* than should we use the dynamite we have, you got that, Simon?***"

"Explosion? Like this golden buddha-"

"No-no-*no*! Don't you ever listen? DON'T use the explosions *until* you have made sure you can't find it stealthy and making no noise! If you can't, than we make noise, but we only will have a limited time before the cops get here, ya understand that now?"

“Hmph… crystal.”

“Great!” Fang slaps his knee as he says this and continues: ***“Let’s split. I take this area, Simon takes the east and south, Gideon takes the west. Move out!”*** And the tiro of criminals split up quickly in different directions. The four woke up a while later from the cold marble floor, Suchiru was awake the majority of the story, managed to close his mouth and keep his breath for 5 minutes, being his limit. The rest slowly woke up later, Walt weirdly being first, Xiao-lan next and of course Timmy being last. As Walt rubs his chin scanning the area, Suchiru (sue-chi-roo) suddenly running off in some random direction for who knows where. Tim, being rarely sane: ***"I think we need our teacher."***

"No we can handle this ourselves."

"No, we can't."

"Don't have a sense of adventure? Finally we can prove ourselves."

"Umm prove ourselves with our deaths?" Walt joined in, agreeing with his older brother's conclusion.

"Fine, you guys can do whatever you want. Play some game and pray, I'm going to do what my Dad would do."

"Play hero?-and he's gone."

Xiao-lan rushes to furthest pagoda away from the Golden Buddha to the right. While Timmy and Walt stay put, Timmy wanting to guard Walt.

"Timmy..."

"Yeah?"

"I don't need to be guarded. I know you want to help Xiao-lan."

"But..."

"Who is going to attack a wallet less child crippled? Come on!"

Timmy sighs and rushes to Xiao-lan, yelling for his friend to wait up. While Walt sits there alone, taking out his book on Relativity Vs Tradition in History, by James James.

Xiao-lan with Tim looked around in the eastern side of the courtyard, making very sure to avoid their master's gaze as they pass by the doorway of the temple's praying "mantra" room. Heading to the southern pagodas (Daoist/buddhist decor towers) and checked the interiors. They find mainly copper and china statues of the buddhas or figures they heard over and over again in their buddhist history classes, but still too recent to know the names. They venture around, trying to find Suchiru on their way as well. Xiao-lan and Timmy looked all over the place, making sure that Choro

Gang and none of the temple guards could see them, since they were definitely going into areas that were the "out of the way, please don't enter" kind of places.

They go into the eastern tower, jumping over a "don't enter" knee height fence.

Each tower they went into, to it's tipping top and bottom, they couldn't find anything that wasn't unearthed already or clearly only was just the temple's storage space, or their secret employee lounge tea shop. Eventually, Timmy's stomach rumbled.

"Are we done yet? Can we just go eat lunch?"

“Hold on…”

Xiao-lan searches the deep pockets of his shorts and takes out a tape and thin headphones.

“Ugh, don’t tell me you are going to listen to your music again.”

“It helps and keeps me calm and focus. Let’s me figure out things better.”

“How about using your brain instead?”

"Be quiet, Tim."

He puts a tape in of The Gobby, with another tape that's more new: "The Sire of The Ring", and listening to it's soundtrack.

"...The greatest adventure is there if you are bold... let go of th-"

"Dah-dah-you goottaaa gooo… dig those holes!-"

Xiao-lan aggressively taking off his headphones and turning around fast to face and point at Tim singing. ***"What you doing!?"***

"What? You are singing, so what's wrong with me singing my favorite song?"

"I'm doing it to concentrate…"

"OK! Ok… continue."

"Alright… *(*breathes in and breathes out*)...* ***The greatest adventure is there if you are bold… let go of the moment that life makes you hold…"***

"You got any ideas?"

"Ssssh… ok… Maybe. Oh! How can I have not seen it!"

Xiao-lan gets excited, rushing back up the pagoda, looking through multiple cabinets and other things up there on the top floor, Timmy waiting on the ground level, needing to use the side of the tower to hide from a couple of monks conversing. One of them stopped, a bald fatter Asian man stopped, and went to the slim pagoda, nearly spotting Tim as he stuck his back against the wall and tip-toed away from the bald man's vision. Xiao-lan leaving it, and not noticing the bald guy there. The man hearing the breathing behind him and turning around, to see nothing there. Tim pulled Xiao-lan away behind the tower and shushed him as the bald man tried looking

behind the tower, Xiao-lan and Tim using their new skills of rope holding, and pulling themselves up to a window; narrowly avoiding the man.

“Whew… so, you find anything?”

“Ugh… no.”

“NOW… can we leave?”

"Yeah... (*sigh*)... sure."

The walk back to the main temple where Choro and the teacher are singing the Compassion of Mantra of the bodhisattva Guanyin, The Snow White Maiden of the Lake or her real name: avalokiteshvara, The Great Compassionate... before she became the blue skinned Medicine Buddha. The mantra is called: Nīlakaṇṭha Dhāraṇī (meaning: "The Mantra of Compassion"). Xiao-lan and Timmy completely enthralled and touched by it's beauty and the beautiful of the string instruments, stop to listen. The music felt like the doors of heaven were opening up to give the guests of this temple a grand feast of joy and song. A giant seasoned cooked hog cooking over a coal feed metal and ancient stone decorated fire pit, the fumes of good smelling dinner, rolling on a metal skewer… with cups of ripe fruity juice and mineral water.

"Adoration to the Almighty One.

Adoration to the noble Avalokitesvara, bodhisattva, the Great Compassionate One.

I continually adore the One who Dispels all Fears,

O noble Avalokitesvara, to You adoration, O Nilakantha.

I shall clearly sing the ‘heart’ dharani for the sake of all beings, for it is pure and serves all purposes for all beings, as it purifies the path of soul existence.

Therefore, Lord of Radiance, World-Transcending One.

Come, come, great bodhisattva, descend, descend. Bear in mind my heart remembering song.

Do, do the work in our souls.

Hold fast, oh Victor, oh Great Victorious One.

Hold on, hold on, oh Lord of the song and eternal unchanging wisdom song.

Move, move oh my immaculate image, come, come.

Destroy every poison.

Quick, bear in mind, quick, quick, descend, descend.

Enlightened being, O enlightened being, enlighten me, enlighten me. Oh merciful

My Lord, appear unto me. To You who sees our all, amen. To the Great Lord, amen.

To the Great Lord in body healing.

To my Lord, forever lasting cup that I cannot hungry anymore.

To the Varaha*, ohh.

Adoration to the Triple Gem. Adoration to the noble Avalokitesvara bodhisattva, ooh-“

A loud BANG suddenly sounded across the entire temple hall, people on their knees covered their heads and panicked, the leading monks and organizers were scrambling to figure out what was happened. Choro’s face becoming more tensed and fierce, an long sense quieted instinct kicking in. Then in a big explosion in the front where two golden buddha statues were, blowing away a few nearby. Suddenly, out of the great flood of smoke, those tiro of mercenaries came flying in, one hopping from a rope, one quickly hopping from pillar to pillar from the room

behind the wall and the smoke, and one just flying with a stack of TNT in each hand, crackling and wearing an expression of a clownish madness.

The three land down, the bat with two old-timey looking pistols with a sinister grin, the wacko bomb bird with more TNT, multi-colored (mostly green) toxic chemical bottled explosives, and other ones visible on his hips and back, and the expressionless bear brawn with only his abnormally large fists.

Screaming and shouting everywhere, a pure uproar as the few capable enough to dodge debris help others escape the building. Xiao-lan, Timmy stood up, Suchiru jumping from criss cross to his feet and rushing into the chaos… Walt going from sitting… to sitting. Choro rushed and get in front of Suchiru, grabbing him and running off with remarkable speed for a old man, grabbing the other students and throwing them on the back and jumping before the entire building exploded. The Misfits came out from the dust now more confident, Simon Dyn grinning harder then before, nearly breaking his face, Gideon stoic, and Fang now mad and fuming at Simon for blowing cover… madder still that they couldn't find the jewel even in that huge temple.

"The operation was a bust… we need to leave before-"

Loud booms of TNT explosions overwhelm everyone's ears as Simon runs around wildly through the chaos, with an entire bag of them on his hip and hurling sticks of dynamite with senseless glee from arson ways. The pagoda towers that once stood tall now crumble in his wake, ash is all that is left… and clouds of dust and debris. Nearby, Gideon and Fang stand amidst the destruction—watching. Fang, the sly, sharp-eyed cowboy bat, paces with barely-contained frustration, wings twitching. Gideon, the towering brown bear and seasoned martial artist, remains still and silent, his eyes calmly tracking the devastation, expression unreadable.

Both of Misfits who weren't batshit crazy (or birdshit crazy 😊) see an venerable monk alongside Govinda Śāriputra rushing to the otherside, Fang pulling out one his revolvers and shooting infront of the balded unknown one while Govinda Śāriputra escapes. The bald one yelling for his name, to come back. The bald venerable one collapsed to the ground in terror, Fang walking up and holding the man at gun-point… taking out a ciggy and sparking it across his metal front piece of his belt then putting it in his mouth. Breathing the toxin addictive stuff in and blowing out smoke.

"You are a high-ranking monk at this temple right?"

"Uhh… yes?"

"You by any chance know decently sized Jade Jewel would be? You know, it nearly looks like Jade, but more darker green? Pretty big, hard to miss."

"Um, no. If we had, we would of reported it to the government by now. We know they are searching for it, and we do not want to upset the nation's main party that let us have peace for so long. Are you government agents?"

"Hah… government agents? Do we look like we live here, baldy?"

"Well… you look like the animal species that live here. The Formosan bear, the white-eared sibia that loves causing chaos, and you… an Hodgson-"

"Ok-ok… no more details, you damn dictionary."

"It's more of a encyclopedic, or even a bestiary." "Was I snuffing for your approval, you big sneaking bear? No… now…"

He turns his head back and comes closer with the gun pointed at the monk's forehead, who by instinct tries to push against the ground with his palms to scooch away.

"Don't move! If you want to be shot, then keep doing what you are doing. But I suspect you don't want to see the golden gates yet, right?"

"Ok…"

"Now… like I was saying."

Fang now mussel to nose, with the tip of his revolver pushing against the monk's forehead skin, making him lean backward slightly. Fang's hot smoky breath nearly making the monk cough.

"Are you completely sure you know nothing about the jewel. Because my buddy in my hand, won't not be so agreeable if you would be telling lies to her. You don't want to make her go boom do yah?"

"I-I know nothing about it. I swear… there isn't a Jade Jewel here!"

Fang sighs and aims the gun. Gideon tapping him with his giant fists on his shoulder. ***"No, it's my turn."***

Fang not wanting to argue with the giant, moves to the side and the giant bear rubs his gloved boxer knuckles together and reels out his fist. Until a blur of a man comes out of nowhere, a foot careening into Gideon's left cheek and sends the large seven foot bear off his feet and flying 30 feet away into the second floor of a pagoda tower. Fang gets a defensive position, pulling out both revolvers and getting rid for the fight he knows is coming… he sees it's an old man, with a thin white beard and long white and grey hair, though baldly on the top. Fang knows he shouldn't underestimate the old cougar, making his strongest and most experience fighter ally fly a street block in distance away. He stays still and examines the old man's movements, this old man being Sifu Choro himself, getting into a defensive position with one foot forward and another behind, his body is to the side, his left arm forward for defensive and his another arm behind that arm for a any counter. Fang has had experience with martial artists, so he knows he needs to be careful.

"You hella strong, old fart. But why you attacking us? What's your goal?"

"To get you the hell off of this divine sanctuary you damn rodents!"

"The HELL YOU CALL ME!"

Fang enraged and not thinking, starts shouting at Choro… whose right hand becomes a blur, his body going side to side to eventually all Fang's bullets were gone. Fang thought for sure he killed him, but after the stone dust from Choro's footwork dissipated. All 12 bullets were between both of Choro's finger gaps, which he put forward to show Fang. Fang now completely outmatched, puts his hand behind his back and tries reach for the hidden bag on his back to throw a tear gas pellet. However, in a instant, Choro is in his face with no time to register, and with two hands put together on the wrists, he pushes his own invisible ki outward like some form of divine wind to his chest, nearly making an impression in it; and sending he flying in the same direction as Gideon, slamming through a wall of concrete and breaking the whole wall down on him.

Fang gets up, completely dazed, now just sighing and tipping his dusty hat with all this unnecessary chaos happening that wasn't part of his plan at all.

"What else can go wrong today?-"

Sirens could be heard coming from the distance, several cop cars alongside some geeps honking to get people get of the way as they drove through the huge temple grounds and stopping right next to the three terrorists.

"Oh god damn it… why did I even ask?"

"Hands on your back of your heads! Illegal destruction of property and endangerment of civilians under the protection and justification of the Saiko Empire shall be stopped with imminent force and perpetrators fined and put into immediate incarceration."

"Oh quit your bloviating, you damn pig!" Fang spitting as he yelled it out, swaying back and forth with his thumbs in the leather sheaths of his guns.

Fang says annoyed while tightening his belt with both his leather covered furry bat hands. Gideon staying silent, tilting his head up as he stares as the coppers. Military soldiers who were called in right after the cops, the bosses of the police force… most of them wore green and had old military garments. But an older of them was wearing a crazed blue suit, a torn-up white scarf around his neck, long black hair tailed by a rope knot right the back of his scalp. Literally wearing shoes pointed at the ends like a genie, with baggy white shoes; his outfit seeming not appropriate for his age. Fang examined him, an utterly ridiculous character. But he has seen the ridiculous recently with Simon and what's going on in this nation, and this seems to be another example of it. The old fashioning itself in a new form, strange indeed, but he suspects a propose.

Fang looks closer and he sees what he suspected… the costumed man is wielding an katana sword in a blue sheath covered in silver jewels, a whole pack of throwing knives, two mini pistols on both his sides which got Fang to be impressed, and a 12 gauge shotgun on his back (This is a joke, but still dangerous). He looks to the giant to his side Gideon, and their eyes meet… Gideon's nearly always stoic, but he nods his head, seemingly agreeing the high probability of caution for this situation. Then Fang looks to Simon to his left side, and is nearly falls down in shock seeing Simon far away near the side of the central away of the courtyard trying to entice a pale brown cat to bite a stick of TNT from his hand.

"Simon!!"

"Wh-what!?-Oh crap! You made it scurry away, man!"

"Focus on the situation at hand, kid. And don't feed TNT to wild animals."

"Unlike the name suggests, I'm not a kid, you bag of bones."

"I'm… arghh…"

Fang reshifts his body, getting the negative feelings out of system.

"I'm middle aged, clown."

"I'm hearing some tenseness… you need me to loosen those shoulders, grandpa!"

"(*Fang whispers*) You so damn lucky you so far away, you walking target practice."

"Hee… he would make a good meal."

Gideon says without even looking at Fang, Fang looking back in apparent disgust, but a the same time struggling to not agree with Gideon's proposal of killing that annoying bird.

Two other man jump off from the back of the costumed man's geep with little flags with the Saiko Empire logo, with hats with Asian hawk feathers glued crudely on a long strip around their foreheads, wearing blue variants of the military cargo pants and shirts that the others are wearing. Though also wearing baseball knee and elbow pads, and a flamboyant catcher chest pad.

The seemingly ninja approached with the two costumed men doing a weird performance behind him, doing flips while the ninja poses with his knuckles against his hips.

"I'mmmm the hero that everyone needs!-"

"He's the hero!"

The other two dressed up hype men say, the other younger soldiers looking at them confused while the lower rank old and middle aged coppers just quietly sighed.

"I'm the baddest… the coolest-"

"He's the baddest, the coolest-"

"Sergeant around!"

"He'ssss-"

"I'mmmm- The Whirlwind! Baby!'

"The hell?-"

The experienced Euclidean mercenary says, having dealt with a lot of goofy things in his life, but never something this absurd. Fang reaches for his own pistol, a dark expression covered the zesty ninja and suddenly before Fang knew it, like the wind, he appeared right in-front of Fang with his katana unsheathed aiming right to his neck, Fang only having very little time to dodge before the ninja cut his hat, only being able to with Gideon throwing his punch with his giant boxer glove fist into the thin stupid ninja, sending him flying with his face dragging on the marble ground and one of his legs awkwardly flung in the air.

"You cut my hat?! That's it! We are IN WAR!"

Fang declaring to his deceased limited edition brown leather edge bent cowboy hat he got from America for 120 bucks, firing multiple shots in the air and howling like a drunkard.

"***I think the war already started…"*** Gideon looking around as half of the entire courtyard already lays in the ruins of a crisis.

The police force and military Vs three random Euclidean mercenaries from nowhere, knifes, bullets, and swords being flung against each other. Police officers flying into nearby pillars, with the monks trying to dodge terrified. The whole day now in complete chaos. Choro tries to shout for the fight to end, and rushes to go in… ending up having to fight the cops and the soldiers as well, though doing surprising well using keen martial arts and unseen ki abilities to gain a overwhelming advantage over everyone there. Eventually the cops, the soldiers, the three mercenaries, and some crazy monks who joined in decided to start running from Choro himself.

Meanwhile in the entrance to the temple courtyard building, the main four (Xiao-lan, Timmy, Walt, and Suchiru) are trying to avoid the whole mess, with Xiao-lan pulling on Suchiru ear as Suchiru keeps attempting to join the madness outside as well. But he and them were hiding behind a pillar, he was intrigued by the giant golden buddha sitting on the great main temple… getting ideas swirling in his young noggin.

Soon helicopters staring coming over the area, seemingly from the Tainan News Agencies. Meanwhile, Xiao-lan and the others sneak around, Xiao-lan trying to guide the rest to get to the golden buddha. But then they catch the sight of the insane Dynamite Kid and not caring either getting them knocked out or blowing them, he headed straight towards them with his explosives lit up. Meanwhile, Choro managed to beat the rest of the guards, and that was left standing was him and Whirlwind… ironically enough, Whirlwind in the midst of things slashed up mostly his own men (which 70 percent of the people fighting in the mess were under his supervision).

"Why did come here now? Are you here because of those three lunatics?"

"No old man…"

The old martial artist was confused, and Whirlwind grinned, with his sword held in-front of his face… admiring it. Then standing upright, stepping to the side so he was not facing his body directly to Choro and putting his sword back into its sheath.

"I'm part of an initiative to get the common folk to be positive for the Saiko Party again. They been losing favor with it over the years… losing favor with the emperor. And so I'm part of the "rebranding" to appeal to those youngsters, making it "cool", "hip", "hype" again."

Choro looks to the deranged clown of a sergeant and just looks down to the ground and back up, his face just with such an honest disappointment in his old foes.

"You have really no idea what kind of man you are working for, do you? What they done? Hype? Hip?... Cool!? You work for murderers and are a murderer! No amount of PR is washing the blood away."

Choro says this with honesty and integrity, looking to Whirlwind or whatever his real name is, and wanting him to change for the better… like he did. But there's was only a sly smirk on the killer's face and a comment to fit the expression.

"Hah… if you have enough soap and water, really good cleaner. Anything can be washed away with enough scrubbing…"

Choro and him stand there in silence, looking to each other like a western gun stand-off.

“Now…”

Whirlwind takes out his blade and bends his knee and moves his front leg forward, moving one backward in a posture, ready to dash forward to pounce. But Choro is a much more experienced fighter and his faith in the most powerful of tools… of ki. Whirlwind dashes to take a strike, but it misses and Choro aims a firm chop to the goofy foe’s neck, and Whirlwind is knocked completely unconscious, laying on the ground. Choro shaking his hand he used, some redness on the back palm.

Near the end of this, suddenly the Misfits come in and attack. The bird gets out a mini-gun and starts shooting down the candles on golden lampstands, and ancient relics of great value, him laughing like a manic. Choro in great angry at this bird's lack of integrity for the "treasures" of the temple's residents, propels himself to the bird, but Bark jumps in the way, while the bat starts sniping people down.

An all-out battle occurs, which Xiao-lan and Timmy are completely underprepared for... Suchiru smiling for he has the; ability to defend himself and the others with boastful arrogance. This desperate run and forced to fight, the forces of Zasshu and the police come and cause more problems... all vying for the Jade Jewel that might by at the temple grounds. This eventually causes Xiao-lan to see the golden statue on the top of the temple and as Suchiru was fighting Simon and kicking the TNT away from the temple as the people still inside fled out of it.

Simon then noticed Xiao-lan and Suchiru running somewhere, Xiao-lan gesturing for Suchiru to follow him from behind. They started running through a open hallway that lead to the courtyard with many columns with half circle archways as more denotations and booms happened behind them, running for their lives as Simon flew through above and kept throwing and throwing with a mad laugh in his voice. Eventually the Toths who were close behind got caught up in the large smoke, but Xiao-lan was too fixed on the golden buddha to see. Eventually scaling the pyramid and bombs barely missing them as the jumped up to the golden buddha’s legs, Suchiru helping Xiao-lan up.

Xiao-lan on the buddha leg is looking for a way inside the statue, while Simon finally catches up, getting to the top of the statue.

“***Haha! You two are right where I want you! Now, experience a “explosive” final! Haha!***”

Simon pulls from behind his back, a freaking bazooka and laughs at the foolish brats thinking they stand a chance against him now. Suchiru much more determined, scales up to the arms and tries to get to Simon, missiles just barely missing Suchiru's face as he flips around and holds on the golden arm for dear life as the missile hits the ground below causing a huge fiery mushroom cloud. Xiao-lan looks scared and looks around at the pure destruction of the pagoda towers caused by the crazed The Dynamite Kid, now a field of smoke and stone/marble ruin (giving him a sense of Déjà vu)… and looks to the golden buddha head where Simon is standing and about to throw one last lit TNT he has. Then, another idea comes to his mind…

"***Kick it at the giant golden buddha above the pyramid! Right on the head!***"

Suchiru seems confused on the shoulder of the golden buddha. "***Are-are you sure?***"

"Just do it! Trust me!"

Suchiru shrugs, being more experienced and talented fighter than Xiao-lan at the moment agrees and does just that. Simon throwing a final piece of lit TNT and Suchiru jumps on the buddha's arm and kicks the TNT right at the golden buddha's statue's head and explodes, the statue falling apart into pieces with Choro Gang and the monks in complete horror.

Simon falling off the collapsing statue alongside Xiao-lan and Suchiru, Suchiru manging to catch Xiaolan and fall and roll onto a nearby roof while Simon falls under his own destruction. Hitting right on the top of his head, shaking his whole body like a cartoon character as the rest of the golden debris falls down around him with cling of bells… Fang and Gideon looking to it in pure awe, their eyes nearing popping out of their sockets.

Xiao-lan, is excited to look at what is inside the statue, only to be disappointed as the Jade Jewel isn't inside. Xiao-lan shrugs and runs away from the bombs, coming up to Sifu Choro, Xiao-lan telling him they need to run, but the master with a hood over his head now stands completely still and stoic. Xiao-lan looking to him in confusion, before Choro throws his arm high in the air, and does strong loud smack against Xiao-lan's cheek, making him fall to the ground. "***What the hell are you thinking?! Why did you do that?!***"

"***The Jade Jewel could've been inside! I just wanted to make sure!***"

"***You-youu care about that jewel more than keeping religious items intact!?***"

"***It's just a statue, there's a bunch of those Buddhas all around here.***" Choro raises his hand to slap Xiao-lan again, but hesitates and puts it back down, realizing he is taking the wrong approach. The golden statue still falling to pieces, it's head falling from it's shattered body (revealing and hollow interior) and landing to the entrance of the temple, destroying it and a big section of the front and sides of once was a majestic symbol of Buddhism for the South Taiwan community and the world as well.

"***Look, there are objects in this world people value, people who build it have placed their sweat and soul into something that them and others think is beautiful. And as it stands, value grows and the truths they believed hidden in details stay strong as the material that formed it. Destroying something made***
for the community and the work that person put into it… would be paramount to destroying a piece of the person, a memory the living had of the deceased. No matter how justified you feel or how justified the reason, never destroy something meaningful to other person senselessly. Do you understand? Give yourself time to think before you just act!" A random thin bald buddhist monk lady comes over and says:

"***That took years to build the golden buddha, he is precious to the temple, that destruction is coming out of someone's paycheck!***" "***Please... let me handle this.***" Xiao-lan looks around at the adults getting mad at him and gets angry: "***Even you hate me... every adult stranger hates me for no reason! Well, I *hate* you too!!***"

Xiao-lan runs away from the museum, Choro with a sadden look, feeling like he mishandled that. Simon runs over with a mini-pistol pulled out.

"***Hey! Give me back that kid! He needs to pay for-***"

Choro gives him a glare, a gust of wind blowing Simon onto his bum. Simon looked into the eyes of Choro and realized even though he was a explosion specialist, he isn't crazy enough to fight a man with that kind of power and runs away and nearly trips as he regroups with Fang and Gideon.

"***Get your ass over here, Simon! We are getting out of this wild storm!***"

Fang pulling out a gripping hook, as three blue and white cops with pistols show up. One kneeling as he aims, and the other two standing, all of them have their upper arms revealed with the symbol of the Saiko Party on them.

"***Freeze! You under arrest by the Kaohsiung police force, and by The Divine Emperor's will, be tried for these crimes.***" Simon looks on with a bit of terror, as he is bag which was filled with TNT is empty and Gideon is warming up his fists. Fang pulled on Gideon's arm and patted Simon's shoulder, and grinned.

"***You know what a cowboy always says, pigs?***"

"***Wha-what?***"

"***Made you look.***"

Fang pulls out a white pellet from his belt leather pouch and creates a white smoke cloud. And out of the cloud bursts three misfit mercenaries on a gripping hook flying to some building in the distance while being shot at and pursed.

"***Sayonara, suckers!***"

Xiao-lan tries to stop Choro, but and encouraged Suchiru to follow with a disappointed glare, though Suchiru glared back just as fiercely. Choro looked around and finally found the Toth brothers under some stone debris, Timmy covering up Walt with his body seemingly thinking they were going to die.

"***You alright boys?***"

The two nodded, and Choro moved on, using a hand gesture to get them to follow him. Choro tried to get to the car, but the Thai Monk rushed forward to stop him.

"You think you can run away from this, Choro? Again?"

"***Leave it alone, Chatsumarn. I won't let the boy get away with what he did."***

"How about our temple?"

"That isn't my problem, none of my students were involved in that. It was those crazed Euclidean luntics. If you want justice, go try arresting them… and not my students."

The Thai monk wanted to speak more, reaching out, but the Choro Gang was in the car by then and driven off fast, nearly breaking the exit gate as he left; leaving the old lady there pondering. While driving back home from the Fo Guang Shan Monastery, Xiao-lan is put in the front seat so Choro can make sure what he is doing at all times, Xiao-lan with his hands on his lap, his fingers nearly tearing into his own skin asks: "***Why can't I look like a human or be one? I wished I wasn't born like this.***"

"***Boy, that is a fool's wish, to change something that may have cons, but also have advantages or blinding yourself to due to your negative experiences. If you every pray and wish for something, you would wish for wisdom.***"

"***How about intelligence?***"

"***Intelligence is advantage, but one with its own cons, and mostly an unnatural and usually thing."***

"I think it's better than having an abnormal brain."

Choro pulled over at a small gas station and looked at Xiao-lan right in the eye.

"Intelligence don't make people do stupid things. A person with a 300IQ, like those famous scientists and psychologists, still made some dumb-ASS choices. Because of their beliefs during the time. People believe dumb shit and they WILL do dumb shit."

Timmy his chubby body across, bumping his head into Walt a bit to try to see the sifu say those words from the backview mirror.

"Oh you said a naughty word, Master Gang! You aren't supposed to do that, (*imitating Gang in a crappy*)… cursing leads to angry, which leads to hate… which leads against the flow of the *spirit*"

"Shut it, Timothy."

Walt raised his nose from his book and laughed, slapping his brother's shoulder

"Oh ho ho! He called you by mother's name for you, Tim. How do you like that?'

"Uuugh."

"***Trust me, Xiao-lan… many people who have great intelligence make the most dumbest of choices, though they are treated like wise demi-gods in the eyes of fools. Gathering wisdom is the most simple and easiest moral thing to do, that God gave you. And it's a painful too… as you want to learn the world, not define yourself by an arbitrary IQ or someone telling you you're brain ain't the same as others and so they get scared.***

If you get wisdom, the lord will give everything else a selfish person would want, like land, riches, and authority. Remember that, Xiao-lan... not being afraid, being empathic, and gaining wisdom from different kinds of people you meet… that's the path to freeing yourself, opening yourself up the world… not hurting, not shying away to cause yourself more pain… but know and have a part of you better than your cons… that's is how to becoming a bodhisattva, a true saint."

"Did I do something evil, is that what you implying?" Xiao-lan saying it sarcastically with his hands clamped together, his back leaned down, as his eyes became stern as his head went up and down a little.

"You did-"

Xiao-lan interrupts: ***"And what if doing something evil gets me what I need!"***

"Evil won't… and if it did, you will lose it eventually, you wanna know why?"

"Why?"

"Selfishness… selfishness is against the flow of community and society, every animal that feeds off of that solely, even for a short while, will suffer from it's *poison*." Choro said this with such a passion, his voice shaky and his teeth biting his lips.

"Do you think evil is some random occurrence? Huh? Why do all do evil, boy!" Choro now shouting, barely able to contain his angry and focus on the road, a car nearly hitting him as he turned back into his lane.

"Selfishness is it's inception, why do you think people kill over sorrow, grief, and something as petty as wanting someone's girl!" Choro turning around his seat to look at Xiao-lan.

"You let that dominate you, and no mortal on Earth can safe you!..."

Choro breathes in and out, knowing he is taking the wrong tone, lowering his harsh barking voice to a more gentle mentor.

"Just like throwing your life away for selfless reasons is not good, the family that you leave to mourn you behind."
The driving chilled and all of them calmed down, Xiao-lan now listening intently.

"My own mentor was given advice from his… that is perfect advice for you. (*breathes in and out deeply and spiritually*)…

"You must find a balance between every polar, every path lead completely by one… the absolute, shall end with a dagger in the back. Find a path through both crashing waves coming toward you, and you will make it to shore."

That's what I follow everyday, to keep myself in check… so you, my students as well… especially *YOU* Xiao-lan."

Five hours later after the event, a white long-haired scarred faced man with a military uniform gets off an black helicopter with three men with assault rifles with him. Going to the courtyard to see a ruined golden buddha statue, and police officers trying to wake up the two lieutenants and the beaten soldiers around them, the Misfits nowhere nearby. The white-haired man who his militia brigade refers to as "Land General Zasshu, The Blade of The Saiko Party", pats the cop on his shoulder and tells him to leave the area as this is now "military business". Zasshu looking at his weak ninja lieutenant, uses his index and pointer finger with purple electricity glowing at the tips; then putting them on the wild haired ninja's chest and shocking his heart back to life. The ninja gasping for air looks to Zasshu, and his face covered in shock and worry.

"***Sir-sir! Ohh you couldn't believe what happened!***"

"***Why are you unconscious and beaten, soldier? Do you know who done this?***"

"***It was… um... I don't... I don't know, I and my men were ambushed out of nowhere (a big stinky lie). I didn't see them. Are... are you going to tell the Emperor? Please sir! Don't tell him, I will be-***"

"***Calm down lieutenant... this doesn't need to be reported to the Masked Emperor, you got it? I don't kill my own men... they die with arms or die an old man.***" Zasshu reaches out an arm to pull Wild Wind up, the ninja bowing his head dramatically in saying thank up erratically before putting his arms to his side and awaiting his orders. "***Go join the other brigade in searching for the injured, make sure they know not to report any of this to Naruhi.***"

"***Yes sir!***" When the ruffian general is finally alone, he pulls up his pants and thinks out loud to himself.

"***Naruhi doesn't need to know about this, these are my soldiers and my problem. Though also if he ever found out, ohhh... I'm not going to test that. I'll get this problem done with pronto, and I like having some prey... for once haha. Though... maybe I should ask Sir Unobore for some help, getting a bird's eye view would be helpful."*** Zasshu thought about it for a moment, looking to the sky. Then saying in a mischievous haunting tone***. "Nah... this is more fun.***" Zasshu goes toward the pyramid, seemingly to find more injured troops and create a plan to deal with this new problem. The soldiers gave two months for the people there to move their sacred and prized idols out of the area, never notifying anyone other than the general and his lower lieutenants, and local faculties. It gave some time for the Misfits and Xiao-lan's group to keep trying to find the Jade Jewel, though not much time. Eventually there were some objects that would have taken too money for the local government and Buddhist organization to move and have inspected, and so they were destroyed with most of the plant life and ground of the large acres of land that contained once the beautiful temple and museum, now a big square pit going 30 feet into the earth. It only took a week for Zasshu and his soldiers to dig up and destroy the remaining "useless" artifacts… they found no Jade Jewel.

Xiao-lan returns to his home in a sadden stupor, walking home in the evening day mindlessly, blurred to anything around him. When he got home he found the front of the house was graffitied and vandalized with toilet paper and paper towels, a dick sprayed on the side of the house with words under it saying: "***THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T TAKE A HINT, YOU FREAKING RODENT! – Personally from yours truly, Su-Wei of The Zhu Dogs."*** Xiao-lan looks at it and knows it was his bullies, and does a tired sigh, his eyes shifting trying to find something to be angry about, but he just doesn't care and leaves the mess how it is. He took off his shoes and entered the dark lightless house, putting his backpack on the rack... "***Hey I'm home, I kind of feel sad, can I talk to...***"

Xiao-lan looks the table, and realizes he forgot his father wasn't here or in Hengchun, or even in Taiwan... he was just... somewhere. Xiao-lan sighing, the feeling of waiting for a good lunch made by his father wasn't going to happen. He instead just went to the fridge and microwaved a cup of spicy ramen, the stuff he been eating for the past two weeks as he didn't know how to make anything else other than tea. He pulled up the chair he usually sat on and scooched forward, leaving a mark on the tiled ground. He looked at his meal and couldn't help remembering the hot warm bowls that usually was here, his father almost telling when Xiao-lan was sad even when he was at school and always made a good meal when he came home. Xiao-lan looked to the side, and for the sake of it, wanted oolong tea even though he almost never made tea himself. He remembers how his dad would do it, using the electric tea kettle and setting a time on it. After it went off, he poured the hot water into a cup and put a tea bag that his own dad made filled

with grinded up oolong leaves, waiting ten minutes for the flowery smelling oils to enter and settle in the hot water. With the tea ready and ramen started to get cold, he went in and ate his dull meal.

Sadden and alone, Xiao-lan spirals into his mind, the world of the real blackening as golden memories resurface. Him and his father out on a sunny day sprinkled with clouds, on a chill windy day making ripples in the reflective blue, fishing for bass on the shoreline of the small lake near their home. As they looked and waited for a fish to caught the bait, sitting on the lush green grass that ended right where the water begins, above chalky brown soil… Xiao-lan and him talked a little bit, and Adam realized something and brought it up:

"***You know son…***"

"***Yeah?...***"

"***You know, I don't think there's some great mission we are *destined* to follow. A grandiose tale of trial and error in form of a staircase up the mountain, where you reach the top to be satisfied. I think we are like any animal, we are here to *live* and survive.***"

"***Like survive as in do everything it takes to?***"

"***Well I don't mean undermine and betray people. I mean more repetitive positive practices, like how a squirrel always hunts for acorns and then plants them a far distance from the original tree to give the seed room space to grow. Or how a beaver makes dams out of sticks to guide and let the flow of a stream or river run smoothly instead of flooding.***

It's the small things you do everyday you should concern yourself, no matter how great your background or you think you are… there's no destined path, but you can help to make the world a little more brighter, help people locally or your family. Those are what make people happy and content, even the cruelest and most cunning. Not for fame, power, and especially *payback*. Find the flow of positivity and it will keep you practicing the art of peace."

"***It's like you are saying people can't be independent or be loved. I hear people in the woodland being able to survive alone.***"

The memory of Adam recorrecting his posture and looking to his adopted son. "***That isn't as a dreamy thing as you think, son. No matter the experience, people aren't meant to work alone, be special, be important. People are meant to work together, be inspired by one another with their works and skills, their trades unifed. There's knowledge that everyone has, no matter how small or insignificant to you, that has the ability to help the world in someway. Every death, is a lose of that knowledge. And worse when they have no friends, family, or children to give it too… now completely lost. That's humanity's mission, to be more moral and more kind than the failures of our people."***

"***But… I'm so different. I'm not even human… If I am not special, then-then what… what am I?***"

"***You can believe you can do special things, and never give up on that, that is the truest thing you can believe out of this deceitful though beautiful world. That's all I have for you, and I think if you really consider it… which you can't right now. You would make the right choice, because I know you will…***"

Xiao-lan looks down after he finishes his meal, his fist clenched as he remembered the soft words his father would say, talking about the pride he had in his meals, and how Xiao-lan, even though he judged, always loved them. His face covered in tears in the dark damp kitchen and house, wishing his father was there to hug him. Xiao-lan recovers after a few hours, and heads upstairs and went on the roof… moving his mattress and blanket up there with him through a honestly cramped hole. The kid whipping the blanket till it was smooth enough, as it fell like a feather softy upon the white mattress Xiao-lan didn't even put a cover on. Laying on it, and looking up to the bright stars… it reminded him of something he cherished. He pulled out his headphones and played a song from one of his favorite movies him and his father would watch all the time… it was the intro song to Green Flying Tom: "*The Bright Star We Need At Night*"…

"*The Bright Star To The Sky.*
Shines through the dark night for you.
To tell you that that those precious dreams you plan. Really can come true.

The bright star to the left. Shines with a white consuming light so rare. And
if it's the sky islands among it and space clouds you need.
The star's light will lead you there.

Twinkle, twinkle bright star. So we'll know where you are
Gleaming in the skies above. Lead us to the land we go when we dream and love.
And when our journey is through, together we stand in love and community. Each time we say good night when the storm rumbles and we shake, the star shall guide us to sleep.
We'll thank the little star that shines through the clouds.
The one we need in our darkest hours."

Up on the roof of the darken house, behind the sleeping rabbit in his pajamas with a frog hood over his head dreaming a good dream; a large bulky shadow of a human man stands reading a circular yellow ki reader, looking at the dot and renaming the dot's name from "UNKNOWN KI SIGNATURE" to "X IAOlAN". Then a few hours later… disappears like the breeze itself as silent as he shown up, a tree suddenly shaking and dust coming off of it even though there isn't any wind.

On that same night, in the northern side of Taiwan… in a dark military facility, with soldiers patrolling and marching, and trucks and logistical activity passing by… General Zasshu in his office, was looking through the news footage on his computer monitor, monitoring many different people which a bunch of them have red crosses on their photos. Though Choro couldn't be found, instead an old man wearing a hood over his head (Choro). He couldn't see the old man, but seeing a tiro of kids, he noticed one Euclidean bunny kid that got smacked by the hooded man, and looking at the symbol on the kid's shirt.

He noticed it was a Crane, in the signature way an old dojo he thought extinct was. He looked back at the hooded man waving his finger at the boy, and Zasshu put two and two together. This didn't need to be reported; he was going after this old fart.

Xiao-lan wakes up in his room… confusion comes over him, but then a twinge of excitement came around knowing there's only one person that could of moved him. Knowing maybe everything yesterday and before was just a bad dream, and if not that… maybe his father did came home and thought he would be cold, and moved him to his room. He was yelling in cheer, and he ran down the stairs saying: "Dad!! I missed you! Where did you go!?" But when he reached the bottom of the steps… he saw no one, and the room was just as empty and lightless as it was in the night… only the sunlight came in invasively like a wasp, breaking the illusion utterly that he was dreaming. Xiao-lan walked to some photos, and saw they been moved… not yesterday, he noticed it before but didn't think about. Picking up the photo of his father and him riding that Dive Machine coaster… chuckling a little to himself… looking through some old photos, even ignoring his alarm clock upstairs set to tell him it's time to go to school. A little bit later, he walked outside around the house to it's right side. Walking to the vegetable garden, with his grey hoodie… pulling the strings of the hood to the point it covers his mouth and forehead, only his eyes and nose are not covered. He looking to the morning sun in the horizon raising up, putting his arms on the fence where the vegetable garden ends and lowers his head to glare comfortably at the eternal raising beacon.

"***(*sniffle*)… Somewhere over the rainbow… Far over the sea...***
There's… there's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby...

Somewhere over the rainbow, where skies are heavenly blue.
And dreams you dare to dream... wind up coming true.
Sometimes I wish upon a falling star... and wake with the clouds behind
me... above the huts and valleys... flying to the sun!
That's where you find my future self... over the rainbow...
Birds fly in the sky... so why can't I?..."

Xiao-lan feeling uncomfortable, and the hood getting suddenly itching… almost suffocating… he loosens the hood showing his true appearance slightly… but not being able to take it off fully, not able to let the hood fall off. Then those last words reminding him not fitting in because of his animal appearance, he feels his long ears pop out again, and he gets too uncomfortable, and pushes them back in. His eyes going from full of sparkle, now becoming dim.

"***…Or… Perhaps… I should leave those thoughts... behind...***"

He walked away from the fence, leaving the bright sun behind… entering his house filled with shadow to get his clothes for the dojo. A few hours later and a long walk, Xiao-lan enters Choro's Crane Dojo,

Xiaolan apologized for what he said with sincerity and genuine guilt. Choro just smiled and said he already did, and for Xiao-lan to join the others, as they will do a new kind of training. In a interesting move, Xiao-lan hugged Choro's leg for what seemed like forever and then joined the others, Xiao-lan ready train with all his heart.

"Do not fret… I would quote the bible, I've been thinking about it since yesterday, I think you may agree. But it's your choice you want to listen."

"Sure… I know most of them."

"How about Romans 12:19-21 and Romans 12:17-21?"

"Don't fully remember it."

"…Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head…

Don't hit back; discover beauty in everyone. If you've got it in you, get along with everybody. Don't insist on getting even; that's not for you to do. "I'll do the judging," says God. "I'll take care of it." Our Scriptures tell us that if you see your enemy hungry, go buy that person lunch, or if he's thirsty, get him a drink. Your generosity will surprise him with goodness. Don't let evil get the best of you; get the best of evil by doing good."

"Oh yeah! My dad-… oh… (*sighs*)…"

"And I would add… don't let the world make you do evil."

Choro putting his hand on Xiao-lan's shoulder.

"Even if it your situation is terrible, even when all seems lost."

The two look at each other in understanding, the aged and scarred face of the martial artist gives a gentle and humble smile. And leaves to continue teaching, and Xiao-lan joining the lesson. Choro first makes Xiao-lan, Timmy, and Suchiru do some labor chores like painting the house, waxing cars, moping and sanding the floors of the Dojo, and cleaning. Xiao-lan questions why he is doing this, instead of learning how to fight, and the sifu answers:

"I have to build your strength up first, you all are too weak and have little muscle mass or muscle memory in order to punch or kick with good strength. You have to build your body and your stamina before training your body how to defend and block."

Timmy Toth looks with a disappointed glare and groan, and Xiao-lan asks:

"***How long will that take?***"

Choro laughs and pats Xiao-lan's shoulder and answers:

"If you try to think about the time you put into martial arts, you will never be a true martial artist. Wondering about when you will become strong will make your will and mind weaker, save that thinking for school and the place you make your money (a job)."

Choro first makes Xiao-lan chase his 25 chickens so they can put them back into their den, while every Sunday, making the group carry brown clay vases on shoulder pole (or milkmaid's yoke or water yoke) up the Mount. Beidawushan (北大武山) (a mountain that overlooks the Taiwan Strait, Pacific Ocean, and Basi Channel (is 3000 meters above sea level)).

The two vases had each different mandarin writing on it, one with 纪律 ("discipline") and other with 意志 ("willpower"), but on both has a word in the old Bunun language Choro got from his time as a child in the Bunun tribe: "dusa-dusa" (duel-sah-duel-sah), which means in english ("two together"). They carry the vases of water up the mountain to reach a special spot which takes half a day; this special spot turns out to be a garden that Choro says was his own sifu: Tian Lao's flower garden before he moved to Choro's hometown: Taoyuan, the Bunun tribe village in Taitung County. After Tian Lao's death, he came up Mount. Beidawushan to water and keep his garden maintained as gratitude for what Tian Lao did for him. Choro admitting that one the students of Tian Lao, and one of his closest friends: Kashikoi, also comes up here now and again to water the planets when Choro is sick. Then on Wednesdays, Choro carried a 20 foot wooden pole and put it into the ground of the backyard of the Dojo, he shot an arrow with his old Bunun bow and told his students to climb to the top to get the arrow, using two 100 pound iron weights with the same chinese mandarin words and bunun words as the ones on the water vases.

Heise taught about using: "discipline", "skill", and "strength" were the tools, but Choro though that was vague and the wrong way of going about it. Willpower unlike strength, can not only able to physical but also mental. Facing challenges, that require the mind, the gut, the soul, or sometimes the muscle to win, though not just muscle like how Kai and Heise teach.

After those harsh weeks, Choro take the boys into the dojo and give them a warm meal and some dr. peppers (Walt specifically just wanting a chocolate boba tea which Choro had a canned one in his fridge). He decided now he got them in one place in the living room of the Wise Crane Dojo, he should show the boys a piece of a book for his specific dojo.

"***This book here is the backbone of the religious side of this dojo: The Austronesians' Tapu Kōrero***

("aus-tro-knee-shen tah-poo core-ree-row"). Austronesian being the name of the combined Oceania of the Polynesians, and other original natives of Oceania, meaning South Islands. The name Tapu Kōrero is what the founder called it, from his ancestry of Maori... in their native language it means: "Holy Book or People's Holy Story".

I believe this and what my own sifu told me and what his master and kung-fu sifu from New Zealand told him. A unified version of chinese and oceanian religions, a union of Oceania."

"***That's...***" Walt saying in surprise.

"***That might cause some confusion.***" Timmy responses rubbing his nose.

Suchiru stating right after "***Are you sure that is wise?***"

"***All things are connected in some ways, every religion is motivated and given purpose in different ways, but men like Buddha and Jesus were given divine reasoning for living by a higher power. Anyway, I'll read it too you now, you so guys get a final grasp of Buddha-Dharam (Buddhism), with the tale of the living Buddha: Gautama.***

"The backstory of the Founder Buddha:

In 623 B.C., a man known as Siddhartha Gautama was born in the land of the Shakya clan, near Malla, India. He was born as the son of the local king: Śuddhodana, who was visited by an angel of God who warned him that Siddhartha would live either as a holy priest or a bloody ruthless warlord. In fear that his son would become evil, he hid the horrors of the world behind long great walls of his estate, and only kept beautiful things there for Siddhartha to see. So he lived an early life of luxury and was given an education to prepare him to become a ruler. His life was perfect; he didn't have to worry about anything. Then the one of the Four Sights, Death, came to him as a man and egged Siddhartha to follow it into the city. When Siddhartha followed, death showed him the elderly, and how the process of natural death worked, which Buddha never seen before. Then gradually the other three sights entered the estate and made Buddha go back to the city: Disease, the aftermath of death, and a holy man shown to Gautama. He didn't understand because he had never before seen suffering. Overcome by the need to discover the truth, he left his royal life to search for the answers to human suffering, confronting his father before departing on his favorite white horse: Kanthaka. For years he mediated and separated his own suffering from his soul and kept learning the truths of suffering and ways to ease its dagger.

Even while facing struggles throughout his journey to enlightenment, The Buddha lived an unbiased life treating everyone with equal respect and care. "He never became angry or impatient or spoke harshly to anyone, not even to those who opposed him. He always taught in such a way that everyone could understand. Each person thought the Buddha was speaking especially for him" (Instilling Goodness School). He spoke to anyone willing to listen, and helped those in need. He spoke to beggars, kings, slave girls, everyone. The love he expressed for people he didn't even know is inspiring. He would help you, whoever you were, whatever you did, or whatever you wanted to be. If you listened, The Buddha would help. He learned his ways after taking the lessons of his teacher too seriously and passing town to town

and not asking for food, not eating for months. He was a thin layer of skin with muscle as small as a puppy's and his body like a walking skeletal zombie. He crossed and followed a river mindlessly until dropping himself, hanging to a dead branch, but never letting go, never quitting on living. Then he found a bondi tree, and thought if he didn't get the divine peace, he will die sitting a corpse without muscle with his eyes close and legs crossed under this beautiful tree and calm dimming sky. He sat there for months, but didn't die, many coming his way and becoming his disciples, motivated by his actions.

Sifu Choro: "***This tiny part here was a addition made by me, when I met a man named: Sadhgaru, an indian elder monk who founded the Isha Foundation in India. He told me about a interesting detail in Buddha's life that I will say here.***

"There was a science known to people during that time, where predicting one one's footprints you could see what they will become and do in their lives. A historian and studier of the mapping of stars, an astrologer, saw a footprint by the river which he was planning to take a bath in, and realized it was one of a emperor. You decided to follow the footprints until eventually meeting a samana monk wearing orange grabs and a knot in his hair, under a bondi tree. The astrologer questioning the man, asking why he is meditating when he clearly is given the divine right to conquer and rule the world. He just said he was a nobody... but the astrologer kept affirming that he should have an empire and be powerful, have much land and wives by his side. But the monk did not move, and just simply said:

"***I will conquer... but not by conquest... You see, there are two ways you can have the world. You can conquer and rule like a mortal man, or you can have include people in a sort of... divine meditation... a medicine to help your mind. To include simple folk and one day even rulers to my side. Judging from my experience, the second is the more powerful option. I could chain you, beat you down and treat you like an animal... though it will always be a pain in my neck. Or, I could include you in my meditation, let you become one with me, a part of myself.***"

Astrologer: "***But you are a nobody! You own nothing!***"

"***I do own nothing, I am a nobody. But that is why everything is mine, the trees and the wind, the river and it's life. Everything I touch becomes a part of me, and if you choose to follow, it will be a part of you as well.***"

Astrologer sat down with the Buddha and asked why does he own everything.

"***I was given a vision you would come. You are too busy making predictions about life, but I have a plan for you. Why do you make predictions about life? You make plans but fail to execute them, that's why you fall back on making predictions, right? You can join me right now and make something wonderful with my plan.***"

Astrologer: "***I still don't know why you consider yourself, nothing. Why do you not want to be a conqueror.***"

"***I don't need to have power to bring people to my side, if they want to join they will. Is forcing someone? Hurting someone? Make them yours, truly? Get rid of their rights, get rid of their access to their limbs, break down their mind or threaten their lives and families? Does that make them yours?***

They will never be yours, but if they follow my difficult road by their own choose, they will also have the world like I. Now will you be part of my plan?"

So, the astrologer joined as a disciple of Buddha like many others,

(Back to the original book)

After years of journeying and helping people find their way, he reached such a state of enlightenment that he managed to entry the Kingdom of Heaven and abandoned his mortal body, leading to the sadden and mourning monks who followed him. He walked among clouds and colorful purple and blue skies and met with the Seraphim. The angel saw his virtue and was impressed by his great virtue and guided him to the Cherubim, who moved out of the way and opened the path into Heaven. Buddha though did not entire Heaven yet, instead was put into the golden palace lobby, and the Hindu Triad along with God (The White Light) and the Holy Spirit came to him. They were talked to each other about suffering and sins of mankind, and Buddha offered his own solutions which were wise and well said. However, the Triad and God could not make this a reality, only appreciating and thanking Buddha, promising he can gain a high seat in Heaven and be able to save humanity with the wisdom he left on Earth. Buddha agreed and left after three months of talking with the high spirits and the absolute spirit and then resting. He returned back to the mortal realm and lived out his days teaching and guiding people to achieve their own Dharma, then leaving again one final time, resting on a stone podium infront of mourning monks.

After that day, the samana would never ask for food, never falling to instinctual survival.. only the will to keep walking and meditating with fellow monks. They walk past town by town, which villagers eventually just cooked food and gave it too them without asking at all, since they knew they wouldn't ask. Such is the ways of intentional physical suffering allows to see into our mortal life, and then chose the spiritual, which the higher being, The White Light will gave us direction and reward. The ones who would never push themselves this way, are destined to walk in shadows and self-pity, destroying themselves with ignorance and hate."

Choro- ***"...The people who follow him follow the Masked Emperor, and the Shadow Brotherhood follow Naruhi the Mano Radao… The *Warlord*. No one follows Naruhi Chao… no royal blood, no right to rule.***

The only one who follows the true Naruhi is except brother, his equal. Someone Naruhi abandoned... he abandoned his people... and sooner or later... all his masks will have no followers worshiping them..."

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TIME DURATION:

Xiao-lan’s adventure time around: 3 weeks and over a half of a week.